

# The New Broome.

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MILLIMETRES

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CENTIMETRES



Poore Coridon, did sometime sit  
hard by the Broome alone :  
And secretly complain'd to it,  
against his only one.  
He bids the Broome that bloomes him by  
beare witnesse to his wrong,  
And thinking that none else was nre,  
he thus began his Song :  
The bonny Broome, the well favour'd Broome,  
the Broome bloomes faire on hill,  
What ail'd my Love to lightly mee,  
and I working her will ?

If Syrinx for despising Pan  
the Shepheards god, was changed,  
Into a Ræde, may I not then,  
hope well to be reuenged  
On Galatea ? whose disoaine  
for sorrow doth consume  
Poore Coridon, who still complaines,  
and mournes among the Broome,  
The bonny Broome, &c.

If proud Apollo fell in love  
with that Penean dame,  
And left his blest abode above,  
to secke his fleshly flame,  
For pride syne turned in a Tree,  
that Death should be her Doome :  
Shall she not sometime sigh for me,  
and mourne amongst the Broome ?  
The bonny Broome, &c.

For she hath seene my sighes and teares,  
and knowes my kinde intent :  
Yet scornes for to regard my cares,  
and laughes when I lament.  
Yet though a looke would send reliefe,  
to ease my grieved grone :



First would she then to ende my griefe,  
be buried in the Broome,  
The bonny Broome, &c.

Oh, would she leane her coy disdaine,  
which makes me dwine and die.  
And pittie him who still complaines,  
that she so coy should be,  
Poore Coridon would out of doubt,  
his wonted ioyes resume :  
And sing her praises round about  
the borders of the Broome.  
The bonny Broome, &c.

But since she still continues coy,  
and carelesse of my care :  
I will awake the blinded Boy,  
my sute for to declare :  
That he ouer whom my Distresse proud  
so proudly doth presume :  
And make her sigh and sing aloud,  
sad songs about the Broome :  
The bonny Broome, &c.

Else proud Apollo I the pray,  
to turne her in a Tree :  
Pan throt thy pleasant Pipe away,  
Make her thy Ræde to be.  
In tree or Ræde when she is changed,  
let none of these beare bloome :  
So will I holde me well reuenged,  
and blithly sing the Broome  
Beare witnesse Broome, thou dainty Broome  
that bloomes on hill and dale :  
Since Galatea lightles me,  
I take my long Farewell.  
FINIS.

London Printed for F. Coles.

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